

Dear Joan and Joe,

Sorry I lost touch. I haven't forgotten about the suitcase nor the settling of phone bill et al. As soon as I get a break, I hope to be able to stop by and see you.

Read the Wilson stuff in Antaeus.

I think they are "haunted essays," but not, I'm afraid, "haunted stories." Fiction, I think, requires a particular voice, one that encloses both ideas and feeling. The lines have to hum. Wilson is a little flat, hasn't much of an ear. His propositions are interesting, probably the Kafka thing the most interesting of all. And the strange marriage he points to, between romanticism and mathematics, making

statements about the emotions which become the emotions themselves, is right in the forefront ~~with~~ ^{of} a certain kind of literature. Stein and some of the prose of Carlos Williams inhabit similar territory, I suppose. But I rather doubt Wilson has experienced the particular auras he's suggesting, neither in his own life nor imaginatively. He's too playful mentally. And even there he should be a bit more daring than he is. When he discovers the drama he's searching for, then his work really will be rich — not just "dialectically rich."

Hope everything's going well for both of you — and that NY's a little less alien than it seemed on your return. It was a bit of a jolt coming back to my own old ~~roughneck~~ ^{roughneck} turf.

Best, Bill